

AFFIDAVIT OF ERIC DEXTER WELCH

State of Illinois)
) ss.
County of Williamson)

I hereby swear that if called upon to testify in this matter, I would testify as follows, to-wit:

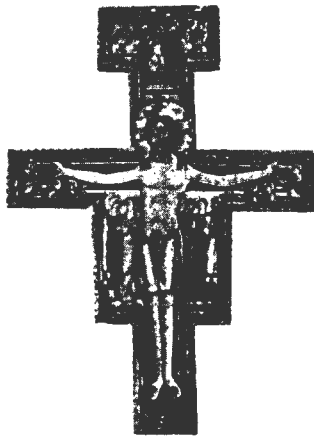
1. The accompanying article that appeared in the February 2019 CONFRATERNITY OF PENITENTS NEWLETTER, called "MONTHLY LETTER TO ALL PENITENTS: REFLECTIONS OF A POST ABORTIVE DAD" is both written by me and is fully adopted into this affidavit as if set forth here.
2. That I have been speaking and writing on the topics and themes contained in that Newsletter for years, but being more public starting in 2015.
3. That I spoke with Krista Hebeisen (formerly Welch) about parenting time and support for our two sons, Ian and William Welch, and she indicated a strong desire for me to come home as soon as possible to help raise the boys. She offered her phone and address (in case the Court would like to either write or speak with her) are as follows: 989-912-5645 or 989-683-8184 or 810-660-9478, and her address is Krista Hebeisen, 6263 Rossman Rd., Kingston MI 48741.
4. That the explanation in Exhibit A as to the events and their chronological order are true and correct and filed with sincere purpose and not to cause delay or frustration of the administrative remedy process.

Further affiant saith not.

July 1, 2020
Date Executed

Under penalty of perjury pursuant to
28 U.S.C. § 1746, I hereby swear and verify
that the foregoing is true and correct as an affidavit.

/s/ Eric D. Welch
Eric D. Welch, pro se
USM # 10444-089
P.O. Box 1000
Marion, IL 62959



CONFRATERNITY OF PENITENTS NEWSLETTER – FEBRUARY 2019

SPIRITUAL ASSISTANT'S ADVICE: BE WHO YOU ARE

(This month's column is a summary of a talk by Sister Stella Francis, a Poor Clare nun who is a spiritual assistant to the Fort Wayne, Indiana, chapter of the Confraternity of Penitents.)

Be who you are. God is not impressed by what we do for vainglory.

Remember that there are four legs to a relationship. Loyalty. Empathy. Generosity. And self-sacrifice. These show that we belong to each other. A table can stand if one of the four legs is missing, but it is unsteady and will collapse under pressure. If two of the legs are missing, the table cannot stand. These four legs of the table indicate that we belong to one another.

Remember St. Paul's writing about the Body of Christ. We belong to one another. It does not matter what part of the body we are; without exception, each of us is important to help support the others. We should want one another to do well just as we should try to be the best person who we can be so that we can support one another.

The gifts of God are not something we choose. We need to take and remember in humility that God has given these to us. We cannot love God or one another without humility. We will be asked to account for the use of our gifts. How do we use them to help one another? Empathy is when you can enter into someone else's experience because you have experienced it yourself. Sympathy is when you can understand another but have not experienced what they are experiencing. I can try to place myself in your experience, but I have not experienced it. Yet, in my love for you, I can sympathize with what you are feeling and support you.

God calls for union, not fusion. When things are fused together, they do not retain their own identity. God wants us to remain ourselves but to understand one another. Each of us is unique, and our gifts are given for the common good. When we are generous, we express our love to one another and freely give love to each other. When we are generous, we give even if we don't feel like it.

Loyalty is a type of love. But the highest love is agape, the love that crucifies itself for the other. It is a passionate love of God that is willing to sacrifice for the Beloved. It is the love that is ready to love the other person without asking love in return. This love comes because of the Holy Spirit. It is the highest type of loyalty.

Empathy, loyalty, and generosity all lead to self-sacrifice. We are willing to give of ourselves for the other. The perfect model of this is Jesus.

Empathy. Loyalty. Generosity. Self-sacrifice. They all help build the body of Christ. Therefore, we must be who we are for God's sake and for one another. The litany of humility is a beautiful litany to pray but not if you don't love yourself yet. A false humility shows itself as self-hatred. True humility is not taking what would rightfully be ours. Before you give yourself as a gift to someone else, you need to possess yourself.

HUMOR: BAD HEADLINES (These actually ran in newspapers)

Man Kills Self Before Shooting Wife and Daughter (Really?)

Something Went Wrong in Jet Crash, Expert Says (Ya don't say!)

Police Begin Campaign to Run Down Jaywalkers (Isn't that taking things too far?)

MONTHLY LETTER TO ALL PENITENTS: REFLECTIONS OF A POST ABORTIVE DAD

Below is an article I wrote recently (1/22/2019, National Day of Prayer for the Legal Protection of the Unborn), for the National Catholic Register's "Letters to the Editor". I found my testimony in harmony with the latest plight of David Daleiden's legal battles (defending against Planned Parenthood/ACLU participating in predatory prosecution against Mr. Daleiden for his exposing their demonic practice of selling human baby body parts). This was written by Eric Welch, a member of the CFP Alessandro Prison Ministry and a third year Novice (Associate) with the Confraternity of Penitents.

Why a letter from federal prison? In another life I spent a decade (1997 to 2007) believing ^{and} living a lie. I drove my first wife to an abortion in 1996, just as I did for my college fiancée (a different person) in 1990. A "Gen-Xer," I lived the 1990's public policy of abortion as "backup birth control." Not only did I believe I had no say (which infected rationalizing my selfish support it), but also thought it was my "job" to sponsor the destruction of human life. Anger began to consume me.

I had taught band at the Catholic Schools in Lansing, Michigan, but quit because I could not look at families anymore. Anger turned to rebellion: I internalized the LIE of my generation: that sex, love, and procreation are separable, disparate things. Sex was "for entertainment purposes only." Rebellion turned to revenge on society.

I empathize with anyone reading this, thinking it incredulous that I did not understand or appreciate the deep effect the throwing away of my unborn children had on their mothers, or to myself. During that decade of decadence, I drank heavily, hired prostitutes, engaged in all types of disordered sexual behavior and even tried to hire an underage teen prostitute. This period contained both an arrest in 2000, and another in 2007 (for a fictitious teen prostitute, which included 16 images of "child" pornography).

I was in another relationship in 2001-2002 where I begged her to have our son, because by then I was opposed to abortion, but she refused, and he died. Afterward, I met a more graceful woman in 2002, almost too soon after these events and not knowing the extent of the harm still affecting me. We married in 2005 (by a justice of the peace) but had two painful miscarriages. This, along with impending poverty, caused a perfect storm of horrible coping mechanisms. I had been "alright" for a while, but those deaths took their toll on us both. Incapable of being there for my beautiful wife in her own life-changing pain, I engaged in the 2007 behavior, however brief it was. Though wounded herself she heroically stood with us.

Subsequently in late 2007 and Summer of 2009, we had two fascinating boys. Things started to heal after we moved to Wisconsin. But, even after "paying my debt" from the state sentence, the feds picked up the SAME case after two state officers violated the plea agreement, sending me to prison AGAIN ... this time for 14 years (or was it "Divine Justice?") It is an understatement to call it catastrophic. I attempted suicide after trial, but God had other plans: My first lifeline in prison was an amazing Priest in Marquette, Michigan: Father John Boyle (we are still writing. He is now at the Archdiocese of Portland).

Concerned friends knew I had been a practicing Catholic, and showed me remarkable resources from Lifedynamics.com, and Rachel's Vineyard. In those pages I read my own story. Disordered behaviors plagued the lives of men; men like me. What struck me was seeing people like Mikhail Gorbachev and his wife's abortion of their son, wounding them for decades. I have read, prayed, and confessed my way to healing, to reform. Under God's providence this helped me learn the root of those disordered beliefs and behaviors, facing them with God. It took about a decade of harm, and would take a decade more of healing, to treat what is known as "complex grief." (Grief that does not follow the Kubler-Ross grief

cycle.) After a year of praying the Office and Rosary daily, I recall going to the prison psychologist two or three times wondering why I was crying every day.

My behavior wasn't CAUSED by Bi-Polar, or Mania, but rather I had been running from facing my sin and avoided grieving with Mary, who showed me her Son and introduced me to MY children in Heaven. "The kind of love that undoes one," as St. Teresa of Avila would say. My experience was total conversion and penance. While I am leaving out many of the positives, these things inspired me to "give a voice to the voiceless; to seek and help the hidden." I am grateful for the time to sort things out, talk with my sons every week, and help others with their legal problems. Since 2011, I've apprenticed, trained myself and took college classes while incarcerated, becoming a paralegal.

As a perfection-seeking, post-abortive father, image-management affected my past decisions. For example: two bachelor's degrees, a P.E. license, and a Master Electrician license. Normal people don't over-achieve that much. Now, I write stories with characters and ideas from my 11 and 9 year-old sons, instead.

In any event, please read about David Daleiden's work. And Pray!! I gave some of my prison wages to Daleiden's cause, but I thought telling my story would help ignite other's hearts. I'm hoping my testimony calls attention to the need. Yours in Christ Jesus, with Mary and St. Joseph, your little brother, Eric

FOLLOWING FRANCIS, FOLLOWING CHRIST: THE FRANCISAN EXAMPLE OF NANCY JEAN MYER

CFP Associate Nancy Jean Myer passed away at the age of 86 on January 21, 2019. Nancy was a Secular Franciscan when she came to us, and she was buried as a Secular Franciscan, clothed in the habit which Secular Franciscans are permitted to wear for burial. Nancy completed formation with the Confraternity of Penitents, but when the Secular Franciscans required our members to choose between their Order or the Confraternity of Penitents, Nancy chose to stay with the Secular Franciscans because she was formation director and she felt that their local chapter would dissolve if she did not continue with it. However, she continued to attend CFP retreats and meetings as she had in the past, but as an associate who has completed formation.

Nancy was a generous soul in the spirit of St. Francis. One of our CFP members mentioned how she had commented on Nancy's hat several years ago, and Nancy took it off her head and gave it to this member. And Nancy would not take it back. The member still has the hat in her house and thinks of Nancy every time she looks at it. The priest who gave the funeral homily mentioned that he had been on a pilgrimage with the Nancy, and they had visited an orphanage. When he saw her coming out without her coat, he reminded her to go back and get it. She told him, "They need it more than I do." When Nancy had to move out of her apartment into senior housing, she donated all her furniture and possessions, other than those few she could take with her, to the Confraternity of Penitents. We are using those now and thinking of Nancy every time we sit in one of her chairs or use one of her tables or read one of her Bibles. The many books and videos she donated are being gradually sold online, with the proceeds going to the Confraternity. The Native American and African items which she had were donated to Catholic elementary schools to instruct the children. Nancy's giving of her possessions reminds us of St. Francis who used to give away his cloak to people who had none, and this happened so frequently that the friars who accompanied Francis began to carry an extra cloak with them to replace the one Francis would probably give away.

Nancy, after a tough start in life, was a convert to the Catholic faith in her mid-30s. Therefore, she, made sure that her funeral was Catholic. She organized a Franciscan wake service, conducted by a deacon who